



SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the well-influenced of Robert Underwood, a fellow student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He tries to get work and fails. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires \$2,000 cash, and Howard is broke.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"You know I wouldn't, Annie," he said earnestly. "Not one second have I ever regretted marrying you—that's honest to God!"

A faint flush of pleasure lit up the young wife's face. For all her assumed lightheartedness she was badly in need of this reassurance. If she thought Howard nourished secret regrets it would break her heart. She could stand anything, any hardship, but not that. She would leave him at once.

In a way she held herself responsible for his present predicament. She had felt a deep sense of guilt over since that afternoon in New Haven when, listening to Howard's importunities and obeying an impulse she was powerless to resist, she had flung aside her waitress' apron, furtively left the restaurant and hurried with him to the minister who declared them man and wife.

Their marriage was a mistake, of course. Howard was in no position to marry. They should have waited. They both realized their folly now. But what was done could not be undone. She realized, too, that it was worse for Howard than it was for her. It had ruined his prospects at the outset of his career and threatened to be an irreparable blight on his entire life. She realized that she was largely to blame. She had done wrong to marry him and at times she reproached herself bitterly. There were days when their union assumed to her eyes the enormity of a crime. She should have seen what a social gulf lay between them. All these faults and faults from her family which she now endured she had foolishly brought upon her own head. But she had not been able to resist the temptation. Howard came into her life when the outlook was dreary and hopeless. He had offered to her what seemed a haven against the cruelty and selfishness of the world. Happiness for the first time in her life seemed within reach and she had not the moral courage to say "No."

If Annie had no education she was not without brains. She had sense enough to realize that her bringing up or the lack of it was an unsurmountable barrier to her ever being admitted to the inner circle of Howard's family. If her husband's father had not married again the breach might have been crossed in time, but his new wife was a prominent member of the smart set, a woman full of aristocratic notions, who recoiled with horror at having anything to do with a girl guilty of the enormity of earning her own living. Individual merit, inherent nobility of character, amiability of disposition, and a personal reputation untouched by scandal—all this went for nothing—because unaccompanied by wealth or social position. She had neither wealth nor position. They were ever ready to lend an ear to certain ugly stories regarding her past, none of which were true. After their marriage, Mr. Jeffries, Sr., and his wife absolutely refused to receive her or have any communication with her whatsoever. As long, therefore, as Howard remained faithful to her, the breach with his family could never be healed.

"Have some more stew, dear," she said, extending her hand for her husband's plate.

Howard shook his head and threw down his knife and fork.

"I've had enough," he said despondently. "I haven't much appetite."

She looked at him with concern.

"Poor boy, you're tired out!"

As she noted how pale and dejected he appeared, her eyes filled with sympathetic tears. She forgot the appalling number of cigarettes he smoked a day, nor did she realize how abuse of alcohol had spoiled his stomach for solid food.

"I wish I knew where to go and get that \$2,000," muttered Howard, his mind still preoccupied with Cox's proposition. Lighting another cigarette, he leaned back in his chair and lapsed into silence.

Annie sat and watched him, wishing she could suggest some way to solve the problem that troubled him. She loved her husband with all her heart and soul. His very weakness of character endeared him the more to her. She was not blind to his faults, but she excused them. His vice, his drinking, cigarette smoking and general shiftlessness were, she argued, the result of bad associates.

# The THIRD DEGREE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

He was self-indulgent. He made many good resolutions and broke them. But he was not really vicious. He had a good heart. With some one to watch him and keep him in the straight path he would still give a good account of himself to the world. She was confident of that. She recognized many excellent qualities in him. They only wanted fostering and bringing out. That was why she married him. She was a few years his senior; she felt that she was the stronger mentally. She considered it was her duty to devote her life to him, to protect him from himself and make a man of him.

It was not her fault, she mused, if she was not a lady. Literally brought up in the gutter, what advantages had she had? Her mother died in childbirth and her father, a professional gambler, abandoned the little girl to the tender mercies of an indifferent neighbor. When she was about eight years old her father was arrested. He refused to pay police blackmail, was indicted, railroaded to prison and died soon after in convict stripes. There was no provision for Annie's maintenance, so at the age of nine she found herself toiling in a factory, a helpless victim of the brutalizing system of child slavery, which in spite of prohibiting laws still disgraces the United States. Ever since that time she had earned her own living. The road had often been hard, there were times when she thought she would have to give up the fight; other girls she had met had hinted at an easier way of earning one's living, but she had kept her courage, refused to listen to evil counsel and always managed to keep her name unsullied. She left the factory to work behind the counter in a New York dry goods store. Then about a year ago she drifted to New Haven and took the position of waitress at the restaurant which the college boys patronized.

Robert Underwood was among the students who came almost every day. He made love to her from the start, and one day attempted liberties which she was prompt to resent in a way he did not relish. After that he let her alone. She never liked the man. She knew him to be unprincipled as well as vicious. One night he brought Howard Jeffries to the restaurant. They seemed the closest of cronies and she was sorry to see what bad influence the elder sophomore had over the young freshman, to whom she was at once attracted. Every time they came she watched them and she noticed how under his mentor Howard became more hardened. He drank more and more and became a reckless gambler. Underwood seemed to exercise a baneful spell over him. She saw that he would soon be ruined with such a man as Underwood for a constant companion. Her interest in the young student grew. They became acquainted and Howard, not realizing that she was older than he, was immediately captivated by her vivacious charm and her common-sense views. They saw each other more frequently and their friendship grew until one day Howard asked her to marry him.

While she sometimes blamed herself for having listened too willingly to Howard's pleadings, she did not altogether regret the step she had taken. It was most unfortunate that

there must be this rupture with his family, yet something within told her that she was doing God's work—saving a man's soul. Without her, Howard would have gone swiftly to ruin, there was little doubt of that. His affection for her had partly, if not wholly, redeemed him and was keeping him straight. He had been good to her ever since their marriage and done everything to make her comfortable. Once he took a position as guard on the elevated road, but caught cold and was forced to give it up. She wanted to go to work again, but he angrily refused. That alone showed that he was not entirely devoid of character. He was unfortunate at present and they were poor, but by dint of perseverance he would win out and make a position for himself without his father's help. These were their darkest days, but light was ahead. As long as they loved each other and had their health, what more was necessary?

"Say, Annie, I have an idea," suddenly blurted out Howard.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, her reveries thus abruptly interrupted.

"I mean regarding that \$2,000. You know all about that \$250 which I once lent Underwood. I never got it back, although I've been after him many times for it. He's a slippery customer. But under the circumstances I think it's worth another determined effort. He seems to be better fixed now than he ever was. He's living at the Astoria, making a social splurge and all that sort of thing. He must have money. I'll try to borrow the \$2,000 from him."

"He certainly appears to be prosperous," replied Annie. "I see his name in the newspapers all the time. There is hardly an affair at which he is not present."

"Yes," growled Howard; "I don't see how he does it. He travels on his cheek, principally, I guess. His name was among those present at my stepmother's musicale the other night. Bitterly he added: 'That's how the world goes. There is no place for me under my father's roof, but that blackguard is welcomed with open arms!'"

"I thought your father was such a proud man," interrupted Annie. "How does he come to associate with people like Underwood?"

"Oh, pater's an old doll!" exclaimed Howard impatiently. "There's no fool like an old fool. Of course, he's sensible enough in business matters. He wouldn't be where he is to-day if he weren't. But when it comes to the woman question he's as blind as a bat. What right had a man of his age to go and marry a woman 20 years his junior? Of course she only married him for his money. Everybody knows that except her. People laugh at him behind his back. Instead of enjoying a quiet, peaceful home in the declining years of his life, he is compelled to keep open house and entertain people who are personally obnoxious to him, simply because that sort of life pleases his young wife."

"Who was she, anyway, before their marriage?" interrupted Annie.

"Oh, a nobody," he replied. "She was very attractive looking, dressed well and was clever enough to get introductions to good people. She man-

aged to make herself popular in the smart set and she needed money to carry out her social ambitions. Dad—wealthy widower—came along and she caught him in her net, that's all!"

Annie listened with interest. She was human enough to feel a certain sense of satisfaction in hearing that this woman who treated her with such contempt was herself something of an intriguer.

"How did your stepmother come to know Robert Underwood?" she asked. "He was never in society."

"No," replied Howard with a grin. "It was my stepmother who gave him the entrée. You know she was once engaged to him, but broke it off so she could marry dad. He felt very sore over it at the time, but after her marriage he was seemingly as friendly with her as ever—to serve his own ends, of course. It is simply wonderful what influence he has with her. He exercises over her the same fascination that he did over me at college. He has sort of hypnotized her. I don't think it's a case of love or anything like that, but he simply holds her under his thumb and gets her to do anything he wants. She invites him to her house, introduces him right and left, got people to take him up. Everybody laughs about it in society. Underwood is known as Mrs. Howard Jeffries' pet. Such a thing soon gets talked about. That is the secret of his successful career in New York. As far as I know, she's as much infatuated with him as ever."

A look of surprise came into Annie's face. To this young woman, whose one idea of matrimony was steadfast loyalty to the man whose life she shared and whose name she bore, there was something repellent and nauseating in a woman permitting herself to be talked about in that way.

"Doesn't your father object?" she asked.

"Pshaw!" laughed Howard. "He doesn't see what's going on under his very nose. He's too proud a man, too sure of his own good judgment, to believe for a moment that the woman to whom he gave his name would be guilty of the slightest indiscretion of that kind."

Annie was silent for a minute. Then she said:

"What makes you think that Underwood would let you have the money?"

"Because I think he's got it. I obliged him once in the same way myself. I would explain to him what I want it for. He will see at once that it is a good thing. I'll offer him a good rate of interest, and he might be very glad to let me have it. Anyhow, there's no harm trying."

Annie said nothing. She did not entirely approve this idea of her husband trying to borrow money of a man in whom his stepmother was so much interested. On the other hand starvation stared them in the face. If Howard could get hold of this \$2,000 and start in the brokerage business it might be the beginning of a new life for them.

"Well, do as you like, dear," she said. "When will you go to him?"

"The best time to catch him would be in the evening," replied Howard. "Well, then, go to-night," she suggested.

Howard shook his head.

"No, not to-night. I don't think I should find him in. He's out every night somewhere. To-night there's another big reception at my father's house. He'll probably be there. I think I'll wait till to-morrow night. I'm nearly sure to catch him at home then."

Annie rose and began to remove the dishes from the table. Howard nonchalantly lighted another cigarette and, leaving the table, took up the evening newspaper. Sitting down comfortably in a rocker by the window, he blew a cloud of blue smoke up in the air and said:

"Yes, that's it—I'll go to-morrow night to the Astoria and strike Bob Underwood for that \$2,000."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Smugglers' Ruse.**  
An ingenious method of smuggling saccharin has been detected at Bremen, Australia, where seven men were arrested for importing large quantities of contraband. When the Geneva-Munich express arrived at Bremen the station master had a coach containing seven travelers uncoupled from the express and detained for examination. He had been warned by telegraph from Zurich that seven smugglers of Geneva were in the train with a large quantity of saccharin. After an exhaustive search the officials failed to find any contraband and were about to apologize to the seven travelers for their detention when one customs inspector accidentally kicked a hot water pipe in a first class compartment and the secret was revealed. All the hot water pipes in the carriage were in duplicate, differing in no detail as to length, breadth and color, but one set was of metal and the other set made of papier mache containing saccharin, which is about nine times as expensive in Austria as in Switzerland.

**For the Scandalmonger.**  
The Orleans museum has just been enriched with a curious relic of the past which some workmen in making excavations in the city came across. It is a stone representing a grinning figure, showing the teeth, the countenance being repellent enough. In this way the loquacious woman, the scandalmonger, was brought to her senses. The stone, suspended by a chain, was placed round her neck, and so accoutred she was compelled to walk round the town in which she lived. The stone is supposed to date about the sixteenth century.

It sometimes happens that the black sheep of a family is a blonde.

Take Garfield's hint. Made of herbs, it is pure, pleasant and health-giving.

## WISE GIRL.



"I suppose your sister is busily preparing for her wedding?"  
"Yes, she is up in her room now destroying all her old letters."

Don't worry about your complexion—take Garfield Tea, the blood purifier.

## Simplicity of Expression.

A story was told on Martin Lomasney at the Cape Cod commercial travelers' dinner by Representative Pope of Leominster. "Last season Lomasney was seen talking to some one in one of the corridors, and as I passed I heard these words: 'Shall I write him?' 'No,' said Lomasney; 'never write a thing when you can talk, and never talk when you can nod your head.'"—Boston Record.

## CURED HER BABY OF ECZEMA

"I can't tell in words how happy the word 'Cuticura' sounds to me, for it cured my baby of itching, torturing eczema. It first came when she was between three and four weeks old, appearing on her head. I used everything imaginable and had one doctor's bill after another, but nothing cured it. Then the eczema broke out so badly behind her ear that I really thought her ear would come off. For months I doctored it but to no avail. Then it began at her nose and her eyes were nothing but sores. I had to keep her in a dark room for two weeks. The doctor did no good, so I stopped him coming."

"For about two weeks I had used Cuticura Soap for her every day, then I got a box of Cuticura Ointment and began to use that. In a week there was a marked improvement. In all I used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and my baby was cured of the sores. This was last November; now her hair is growing out nicely and she has not a scar on her. I can not praise Cuticura enough, I can take my child anywhere and people are amazed to see her without a sore. From the time she was four weeks old until she was three years she was never without the terrible eruption, but now, thanks to Cuticura, I have a well child." (Signed) Mrs. H. E. Householder, 2004 Wilhelms St., Baltimore, Md., May 10, 1910.

## Plain as Day.

A man recently visited the art museum in Chicago and wandered about, looking at the paintings with more or less interest. He finally stopped in front of a portrait which showed a man sitting in a high-backed chair. There was a small white card on the picture, reading:

"A portrait of E. H. Smith, by himself."

The man read the card and then chuckled to himself.

"What fools these city folks are!" he said. "Anybody who looks at that picture would know Smith's by himself. There ain't any one else in the picture."—Chicago Tribune.

## No Clew.

Stranger—Yes, I have the general location of my friend's building and the name of the street, but I can't find the place.

Citizen—Haven't you anything more definite?

Stranger—Nothing except the architect's print of how the finished building would look.—Puck.

Garfield Tea purifies the blood and eradicates rheumatism. It is made of herbs.

Too often sermons have too much length and too little depth.—Judge.

## Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

It is a safe medicine in any condition of the system. **THE ONE REMEDY** which contains no alcohol and no injurious habit-forming drugs and which creates no craving for such stimulants.

**THE ONE REMEDY** so good that its makers are not afraid to print its every ingredient on each outside bottle-wrapper and attest to the truthfulness of the same under oath.

It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine or known composition. No counterfeits are as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is "just as good as Dr. Pierce's" is either mistaken or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most priceless possession—your health—may be your life itself. See that you get what you ask for.

## A Country School for Girls in New York City

Best Features of Country and City Life

Out-of-door Sports on School Park of 35 acres near the Hudson River. Full Academic Course from Primary Class to Graduation. Upper Class for Advanced Special Students, Music and Art. Certificate admits to College. School Closes Meets Day Pupils. Miss Bangs and Miss Whitton, Riverdale Ave., near 252d St., West

## A Modern Family.

"Where is the cash?"  
"She is in the kitchen preparing supper for the doctor's wife, dinner for the doctor, and breakfast for the students."—Elegance Illustrated.

**BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS FREE.**  
Send 10 stamps for five samples of our very best Gold Embossed, Good Luck, Flower and Motto Post Cards; beautiful colors and brilliant designs. Art Post Card Club, 721 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

Exactly.  
"Papa, what is fatherly?"  
"Praise of other people, my son."—Boston Transcript.

**Great Home Eye Remedy.**  
For all kinds of eye troubles, relief from sore, itching, red, watery eyes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. One a day, three or four times a day. Druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

The saint who says he cannot sin may be an earnest man, but it is wisest to trust some other man with the funds of the church.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a morning, three for cathartic.

Reforms come slowly because we all would rather wield the ax than bear the knife.

**ONLY ONE "BROMO OUTLINE."**  
That is LAXATIVE BROMO OUTLINE. Look for the signature of E. W. LITTLE. Don't let the world over to Cuts a Cut to One Day. See.

Every fear of a pearl being found in a church hair oyster!

A good way to keep well is to take Garfield Tea frequently. It makes good health.

Many present problems are past follies getting ripe.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder sign for its rich mellow quality.

An undertaker knows a lot of "dead ones" that he is unable to bury.

## Stop

taking liquid physic or big or little pills, that which makes you worse instead of curing. Cathartics don't cure—they irritate and weaken the bowels. **CASCARETS** make the bowels strong, tone the muscles so they crawl and work—when they do this they are healthy, producing right results.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Millions boxes a month.



Every man has trouble in adjusting his necktie unless he wears

## Slip Easy Collars

which all have the Slip Easy Tab shown above. They come in all styles. Once you Slip Easy Collars you will never wear any other kind. Ask your dealer to get them. If he will not, write us and we will see you are supplied.

C. W. FERGUSON COLLAR CO., Troy, N. Y.

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Purely vegetable—act gently and surely on the liver, cure Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, etc. They do their duty. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine and Best Signature.

**Beaumont's Food.**

If afflicted with: Thompson's Eye Water

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